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PARADISE Regain'd:

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OR, THE

ART of GARDENING.
966 f. 20
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A

POEM.



L O N D O N:

Printed for G. STRAHAN at the Golden-Ball
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10.



T O T H E
R E A D E R.



*Y Ticket's taken out, and I must try
My Luck with others, in Fame's Lottery.*

I'm very sensible how much I set,

And what depends upon this single Bet.

'Twixt Hopes and Fears I wait the doubtful Throw,

Inclin'd to wish a Prize not very low.

Some Cheats there are, who too intent to win

Will often steal, or borrow, to put in.

Such as it is, I put in what's my own,

And must expect to reap as I have sown.

For Writers trust that Readers will take care,

As they are Judges, that the Drawing's fair.

And some, more sanguine, think of little less

Than the chief Prize, and hope to great Excess.

Nothing can please 'em but Fame's strongest Blast,

Nor once suspect the Hazard of the Cast.

But

To the READER.

*But when a Blank comes up, the Misery
Ever encreases from a Hope too high.
Believe, me Reader, that I only aim
At mod'rate Things, a midling Prize of Fame.
If some good Judges praise, I'll not complain ;
Strong Gales may overset, and make me vain.
Should Fame do more than save me from a Fall,
Should she be like to Fortune, whimsical,
And partial give, what I shou'd blush to name,
And dare not hope, the better of the Game.
Perhaps, the Force of such Encouragement
May raise my single Talent Cent per Cent.
When from the Bath the 'Squire commences Knight,
How will a sence of Honour make him fight?
Thus Authors flush'd with Fame will better write.
Should Matters well succeed, and Friends should raise
My tender Plant in the hot Bed of Praise,
I'd push my Fortune with Designs like these,
First I'd attempt to Profit, then to Please.*

THE



T H E
A R T
O F
G A R D E N I N G.



WHEN weekly Bills increase, and here,
(and there

Some die with purple Spots, the rest
(will fear

But if th' imported Pestilence shall spread,

And Undertakers frightened shun the Dead.

A sad Vacation follows in the Town,

The Term's put off, because the Rooks are flown.

B

Trade

Trade sickens, as the Traders post away,
Nor Bank transfers, nor will the Bankers pay.
Thus introduc'd this Truth we must confess,
In Dangers greater oft' the Fears are less.
If Error reigns with strong Malignity,
And round unguarded Heads its Poisons fly.
If full grown Vices, that for Judgments call,
Triumphant are, and Epidemical.
Few fear the worst, or such Contagion shun,
But trust themselves, and stay to be undon.
I ventur'd long, because some Safety found
From certain Antidotes, that kept me sound.
And with too great Presumption fancied I
Could save myself, and others fortify.
But the good Angel, who is always near,
And knew the Danger better, bid me fear.
Wou'd you be safe? Prepare for flight (said He)
These Poisons have peculiar Subtilty.

Gilt o'er with Praise, or favour'd by the Few
Who stamp the Fashion on Opinions new,
They oft' deceive; as Things to Names give place,
And a fair ~~Fucus~~ is on Errors face.

As Place, and Pension, when good Reasons fail,
Come in for Weight, and help to turn the Scale.

These Warnings soon determin'd me to shun
The Scenes of Business, and th' infected Town.

I fix'd the Day, and as *Astræa* flew

Upwards from Sight, I willingly withdrew:

And now compare the present with the past,

Profit and Loss on diff'rent Columns cast.

But need not here repeat Particulars,

Or trouble Others with my own Affairs;

Only declare, on stating the Account,

That present Gains preceding Loss surmount.

Nor think I boast, for what the Shipwrack'd Few

Feel, when they Scape, and Dangers past review.

The same I felt, and yet some Tears it cost
In meer Compassion to the Numbers lost.
For oft' I heard of Friends that went to bed,
With a sound Constitution in the Head,
And rose next Morn' with Senses over-run
With all the Symptoms of Contagion ;
Talk'd and writ backward, like the Hebrew Text,
From right to left, in Method much perplex'd,
Which Phrensie, to discerning Judges seems,
Owing to Fumes, that rise in golden Dreams.
When I had weigh'd their Case, and drawn from
(hence
Some useful Truths by proper Inference.
I streight betook my self to trace the Laws
Of Nature upwards to its fruitful Cause ;
And digging Mines of true Philosophy,
The mystick Stone I found, whose Energy
Apply'd, transmutes some Matter, some Sublimes,
Drawing within my Circle golden Times.

For

The Art of Gardening.

5

For so the later Ages call'd the Old,
Which in reality had little Gold,
And thus enrich'd, my Wants are well supply'd,
For wanting little soon am satisfy'd.
He that has large Possessions must be poor,
If Wants increase, and make him wish for more,
I labour therefore to contract Desire,
To want no more than Nature may require.
And thus advance to greater Happiness,
And Wealth superiour, as my Wants are less.
In Sciences profound an Adept grown,
Thirsting for Knowledge more, as more is known.
And now retir'd to Streams, and Sylvan Glades,
With other fine Poetical Parades.
To Stations near, where *Cowley* tun'd his Lyre,
To Hills, exalted more by *Denham's* Fire :
In Muses Seats affect the Muses Style,
And Fancy feels a Heat more Juvenile.

Often

Often amus'd with Feats in Gardening,
Delightful Exercise, I Work and Sing.
And moving chearful feel not half my Toil,
Like Swains that Whistle, while they plough the Soil.
Should any disbelieve, I here invite
Such Infidels to come and trust their Sight.
A short Description will the Place display,
And he that sees the Plan, may find his Way.

On a Declivity, where aged Rows
Of tallest Elms, a shady Park inclose ;
Near *Thame's* clearest Streams, in homely wise,
Stretch'd on the Shoar, an humble Cottage lies.
One half, like Cave, conceal'd, and half erect,
Projected well by the first Architect,
To hide his Store, and harmless Luxury,
From Pow'rs unequal, and from envious Eye.

Those

The Art of Gardening. 7

Those Elms from Northern Blasts the Walls defend,
And high spread Laurels save the Western End :
Where *Cooper's* Hill, and *Windfor's* noble Height,
Present themselves, and soften to the Sight.

Eastward, at easy Distance we behold

A Palace shining with its Spires of Gold.

Built with Magnificence at *Woolsey's* Cost,

Rais'd by Ambition, by Ambition lost.

Not far remote the Southern Mountains rise,

Their Tops increasing 'till they meet the Skies.

Where *Claremont's* Groves, and Castle built in Air

Lie almost level with the Ev'ning Star.

Down from their Sides, and thro' their Caverns flow

The gather'd Waters, to the *Thames* below.

Which swell'd with Tribute, paid on either Side,

By Springs and Rivers, often Deify'd ;

It's Current deepens, and it's Shoars are wide.

Where.

Whereon I see the hunted *Salmon* spring
(Like frightened Partridge rising on the Wing)
O'er the drawn Net, and mock the Fisher's Toil,
Too soon elated with th' expected Spoil :
Whereon I saw the hostile Swans prepare
For fierce Contention, in a doubtful War ;
When arm'd with Fury, like the Bird of *Jove*,
Their Wings bore all the Thunder as they strove.
Here the gilt Barge, whose Silken Streamers wave,
With Trumpets calls forth Eccho from her Cave.
And Notes return'd are to the Ear more sweet,
As rising Banks the rat'ling Sounds repeat.
Hereon my Glebe, and Mansion situate,
In Compass small, afford no mean Retreat.
Through some ill Fate they long neglected lay,
In which Condition all Things felt Decay ;
The Gates unhing'd, the Palizados down,
Were all defenceless, like dismantled Town.

The

The Glebe was rude throughout, and cover'd o'er
With Weeds, in sad Confusion, nothing bore.
Here Insects bred, and Reptiles most obscene,
Here Ants repos'd their Winters Magazine.
The Springs transparent rising clear, and sweet,
Ran foul, disturb'd by Swines polluted Feet.
So poor the Soil, that the Sun shin'd in vain,
And Clouds to little Purpose drop'd their Rain ;
Yet, not discourag'd, I resolv'd to try
What might be don by Art, and Industry :
I Fenc'd the Bounds, with Decency repair'd
Defective Premises, as Faults appear'd ;
Then undertook the Glebe, completely arm'd
With proper Tools, and Resolution warm'd ;
Here a proud Family of Nettles strong,
Thro' much Indulgence, and Possession long,
Advanc'd their num'rous Stings, and trusting to
Confed'rate Briers and Thorns, that near 'em grew,
C Prepar'd

Prepar'd to stand a Brush, and to dispute
Each Inch of Ground with Talons most acute.
These I engag'd, and mow'd in Front and Rear,
Pushing my Way, like hardy Granadier,
Thro' adverse Ranks, 'till prostrate round me lay
Those baser Sons of Earth, that caus'd the Fray.
What sad Confusion follow'd we may guess,
If Things much greater we compare with less ;
For as when Cities are besieg'd in Form
Distress'd, then scal'd, and taken in a Storm ;
Some put to Sword in Heat of Action die,
And others swift of Foot to Corners fly.
So the vile Insects, that in Covert bred,
Soon as expos'd, are all destroy'd, or fled.
I lost some Blood in those laborious Wars,
My Face and Hands were sadly mark'd with Scars,
But soon forgot the Smart, and Toils in Fight
When I sat down possess'd of all my Right.

Resolv'd

Resolv'd my new Plantation to supply
With a more profitable Colony,
T' invite fair Flow'rs, that please the Smell and Sight,
And Fruits that may regale the Appetite;
I turn'd up all the Glebe to Sun and Air
That Heat and Moisture Virtue might prepare,
For all its Crudity receives Correction
By kindly Rains, and by the Sun's Reflection.
Yet still its native Property was poor,
Worn out with useless Burdens that it bore.
In the mid Waters many Islands stood
Gather'd, and much enrich'd by ev'ry Flood.
As hasty Rains the Fatness wash away,
From Western Hills, where Herds of Cattle stray.

And hence I draw my Heaps of finest Mold,
Mixing half Quantity of Dung, that's old,
Esteem'd by Husbandmen like Hoards of Gold;

And with this Recipe and rich Manure
I mend my Ground and future Crops insure.
The Area stak'd, experienc'd Artists bring
The Horizontal Beam for levelling.
And when perpending Lead with Line divides
The Length exactly into equal Sides,
We soon perceive the Earth's Excrefcencies,
The Hills are thus depress'd, and Hollows rise ;
From certain Points th' extended Line displays
The Figures oval, or of equal raies.
Some Angles mix'd with those , acute with round,
Describe the Beds, and terminate their Bound.
This Plan, when view'd, is pleasing to the Eye,
Which most delights in Regularity.
Then sifted Earth fills all the Space between
The Margins, edg'd about with Ever-green.
In which Apartments *Flora's* Family
Are lodg'd with due Respect to Pedigree.

And

And, like Assemblies, richly habited,
Expand their Ermins, and their Odours shed.
Some Princes grave in purple Robes appear,
But Queens are gay, and lighter Colours wear.
Near to the great *Mogul*, is plac'd grand *Cyrus*,
And next to *Alexander* grows *Darius*.
Some Crowns Imperial which bright Pearls include
T' adorn the Heads of the First Magnitude,
On Columns hang, so exquisitely made,
That pity 'tis, those Crowns should ever fade.
The *Flow'r de Luce*, or *Persian Iris* drest
To great Advantage in embroider'd Vest,
Shoots up, and shines in this bright Congress more
Than on *Britannia's* Shield, or *Lewi d'or*.
And *Egypt's* Queen under Umbrella's Shade,
Fair *Cleopatra* faves her painted Head.
The Queen of *Sheba* fades, if she be wet,
And *Dido* withers if expos'd to Heat.

But

But all their nice Completions later die,
If well defended by the Canopy.
I stretch my Canvas therefore to secure
Such as can neither Sun nor Rain endure.
For when so many Queens are met together,
And so adorn'd, they should be safe from Weather.
The *Belgic* Tulips in gay Colours fine,
And known by Names of all the *Austrian* Line,
Are introduc'd, and their united Rays,
Like Stars above in Constellations, blaze.
When first imported hither they are plain,
And undistinguish'd by the various Stain;
But mov'd to sandy Beds new Colours break,
From Heads more glorious as their Roots are weak.
Carnations claim Precedence, and excel
In their fine Edgings and refreshing Smell
The Tulip Race, deny'd by Nature Scent,
Nor have Carnations less of Orrament,

Or

Or meaner Stripes ; and will by Art produce
For fev'rish Heats a cooling cordial Juice.
Lodg'd in fresh Quarters of the finest Mold,
Their Heads spread wider, and their Colours hold ;
With too great Pregnancy, but oft they burst,
And come before their Time, if idly nurs'd.
But manag'd well by skilful Florist's Care
Preserve their Compass truly circular.
They represent the *British* Quality,
In Names and Honours of the First Degree.
And new Creations do the old succeed,
As late, and unknown Beauties rise from Seed.
For Flow'rs their Titles must to Merit owe
In *Flora's* Commonwealth, as they shall blow,
Must loose their Peerage, if they run away
From their true Colours, and the false display.
Those only I preserve, or shall prefer,
Who never turn their Coats in my Parterr.

Some

Some other Flow'rs were here in Order rang'd,
To fill up Spaces, as the Season chang'd.
Spring Beauties some ; and some, whose Natures
(bear
Autumnal Heats, and a dry Hemisphære.
These I omit, unable to recite
Their various Names, and Natures infinite.
When I had lodg'd the best, I soon extend
At distance due, my Lines from End, to End.
Thus Walls for Fruit, and Walks to lead us far,
And Hedges all are freight, and regular.
Thus Trees in rank and file, with Order, stand,
Improv'd by Discipline, like Martial Band.
Some Sorts, like useless Equipage, for show
I plant, tho' barren, yet permit to grow ;
Whose Shape and Complaisance for Form we prize,
Or decency in Winter Liveries.
The gilded Holly, silver Philyrea,
And by *Apollo* lov'd, the Spicy Bay.

Cover'd

Cover'd with early Bloom the Laurestine,
And Yew devoted to th' infernal Queen,
Us'd in her fun'ral Poms : A Tree that grows
In all the various Forms the Shears impose.
For as the *Parian* Rock by carving Tools
Is taught to imitate the *Gracian* Rules,
In twisted Columns with *Corinthian* base,
Or Rustick Orders of a ruder Face,
Yew the like Figures well can represent,
Or take from Art the *Attick* Ornament.
In human Shape can Nature imitate,
And mortal Heroes thus perpetuate.
A sort of Life to Stones could *Phideas* give,
Which by a Metaphor were said to live ;
But now fine Statues may be rais'd from Seed,
And form'd by Art and Nature, live indeed.
I who at *Athens* knew the Giants young,
Before those Sons of Earth were half so strong,

D

Would

Would now behold 'em in robuster Age,
 Since *Bobart* had 'em under Pupilage.

But most would see the Storks exalted breast
 In *Iohnian* Groves, the pious Founder's Crest.
 (With useful Guides where once my Youth was
 (blest))

And now with greater Pleasure I relate
 What Trees are planted more for Use than State;
 Such as bear Fruits of celebrated Taste,
 To fill up the Desert, and close the Feast.
 And many such, of Nature delicate,
 That Shelter need, and artificial Heat,
 We bend to Walls, whereon with judgment led
 In comely Figures all their Branches spread.
 Some woolen Fragments are the fittest Rein,
 Ungovern'd Shoots to guide, and to restrain.
 The Bud from Northern Winds those Walls protect,
 And Southern Beams with double Force reflect.

And

And when the Fruits have pass'd their Infancy,
Their crimson Cheeks diffuse a Fragrancy.
For Heat concocts the Juice, and does consume
The watry Parts, and gives to Taste, Perfume.
For Horizontal Shelters some contend,
And their new Notions plausibly defend.
But in those hollow Channels Insects lurk,
And nightly here *Arachne* weaves her Work.
The Bite of Insects if the Fruits survive,
Involv'd in Webs they're fould, and cease to thrive.
But even Walls the wary Vermin shun,
As they lie open to the Air and Sun.
By hasty Show'rs all Filth is wash'd away,
And Dews descending keep the Colours gay.
Such are the Fruits our Banquets most adorn,
Firm, fair, and full in China dishes born,
And when for Presents sent, produce a large re-
(turn.)

The standard Trees, of Manner something rude,
From all the best Apartments we exclude ;
Least they should over-top and shade the Wall,
And foul the Walks, as Leaves confus'dly fall,
Or refuse Fruit ; for when the Storms begin,
They strew the Ground, and leave the Branches
(thin.
In Orchats therefore, fenc'd with Quicksets high,
Whose Soil is deep, and Bottom very dry,
I plant the Standards, and that Air may come
Freely between, I give 'em elbow room.
For thus their ruffled Branches never ride
On others near, to gall their neighbours Side.
He that crowds many Trees in little space
Expecting Fruit, will find but small Increase.
Some Giants, some of Middle Stature be,
Some Dwarfs, reduc'd by Art in Infancy.
Which, when dispos'd in Spaces well design'd,
The Shortest forward, and the Tall behind,
Objected

Objected Beams receive, and equal Heat
From Sun impartial to the small, and great.
Their Heads in regular Descents appear,
Like to the Seats in th' Amphitheater.
And, as they gradually fall, or rise,
Please by their proper Inequalities.
When through their Leaves the Winds but gently
(flow
They bend, and like Spectators seem to bow ;
The Fruits they bear, the same just Measures keep,
And all together form a noble Heap.
It little Pleasure, little Use affords
To register their Names in these Records,
Known are the Summer Stores, and Winter
(Hoards.
Into Confections part are made, and part
Inclos'd in Pastry constitute the Tart.
In Fluids some preserv'd, and others dry ;
And some in Jelly's due consistency.

Part

Part press'd will yield a Juice resembling Wine,
Imported hither from the rapid *Rhine*.

The best is found, where * *Ariconium* stood,
In Fields that *Vaga* waters with her Flood.

Some Standar'd Trees there be to Pots confin'd,
Grafted on Stocks, which are of Fairy kind.

And such with loaded Branches oft we see
On Tables plac'd of greater Luxury.

The Trees themselves do such desert compose,
Fresh Fruit indeed, that's eaten as it grows.

Those who in some Poetical Romance
Have read how Trees did once to musick dance.

Should they as Guests invited hither come,
And see the Orchat in the Dining-Room ;
And hear the Musick flourishing behind]
At distance, to regale the Ears with Wind.

* *Herefordshire.*

Might think this Confort had by force of Sound,
Seduc'd those Trees, and rob'd the neighb'ring
(Ground.

Nor is this odd, and new Machinery

Contriv'd for shew alone, and Pageantry,

But serves to useful Ends, when Frost by Night, }

Or cold raw Winds the tender Blossoms bite, }

Or Mists by Day of pois'nous Nature blite. }

For Trees in Pots with ease are mov'd about,

Shut close within, or else expos'd without,

To suit the Weather, as the changing Wind

Blows with severity, or breathes more kind.

And thus they bend with a more certain Weight,

And, fav'd by Shelters early, flourish late.

But since external Accidents annoy,

And oft' Diseases inwardly destroy

Frail Trees, like mortal Men, which once must }
(die, }

'Tis fit a younger Race their room supply, }

For which we constitute the Nursery. }

In

In a mean Soil ; that, at their next Remove
To Quarters more enrich'd, they may improve.
Here a young Breed of hardy Parents born,
Rais'd from the Kernels of the Crab, or Thorn,
Are rang'd in Ranks, and manag'd with design
To match 'em higher, and to mend their Line.
And when the Stock mature is fit to wed
The Cion, cut from some more noble Head.
The Stemm is cleft, and close within the Wound
With Fillets is the youthful Consort bound.
'Till their Conjunctions are by Time complete,
And Vegetation makes the Juices meet.
Thus Stock and Graff are happily ally'd,
As diff'rent Natures mend on either side.
One gives the other Strength, and Taste receives
As a just Recompence for what it gives.
Thus golden Harvests, which of both partake,
Are gather'd up, if we their Branches shake.

Some

Some certain Sorts we best Inoculate,
As Sap ascends, and Juices circulate.
The Process thus ; we first the Bark divide,
And make a small Incision in the Side
Of a grown Stock, wherein some chosen Bud,
Of good Descent, we presently include.
And there it sucks its Nourishment, and grows
Fast to the Nurse's Breast, from whence it flows :
Both One hereafter ; from which Cause minute,
There is a strange Conversion in the Fruit.
The Bud predominant improves the Breed,
And new Productions do the Old exceed.
But should some Garden Quacks inject within
The Bark (as Emp'ricks Bud the Human Skin)
Some putrid Matter, Seeds of a Disease,
To try new Practices on healthy Trees ;
Inflicting certain Evils to prevent
Some, that for ought they know, might ne'er be sen :

By Science false, what Havock would they make ?
And the next Age must rue the sad Mistake.
On Ground whose Aspect best salutes the Sun
At Noon, when half his daily Course is run,
I planted Vines, pleas'd that the Soil was dry,
And not displeas'd 'twas pinch'd with Poverty,
Obdurate Gravel ; for Experience proves
This to be Soil the Vineyard chiefly loves :
Their Fruits require a great Degree of Heat,
Which Rocks of Gravel most reverberate :
They ripen sooner, and their Wines excel
Those on a richer Mold, in Taste and Smell.
Some Vines creep low, and others more sublime,
Do arduous Heights of Walls and Houses climb :
Those from the Earth, and these from Walls derive
The kindly Warmth, by which their Clusters thrive.
When Ripe in *Autumn*, what a splendid Show
Glitters from these above, and those below ?

From

From White and Red, the Ruffet and the Blue,
And others shaded with a darker Hue,
Resembling Blood? For which the liqu'rish Flies
Thirst, and in Swarms, commit Hostilities.
Sometimes involv'd in Hoods the Clusters hang,
Made for Defence against the strolling Gang;
Sometimes their flying Squadrons we seduce
By Viols, fill'd with some enticing Juice,
In which they drown promiscuous, doom'd to die,
For Inroads on another's Property.
Caught most by Stratagem, for on the Wing
The noisy Wasp strikes Terror with his Sting;
'But as the Night approaches, he is gone
And always loves to rob 'twixt Sun and Sun.
Soon as the Vintage is full ripe, before
The Rains come in, and Clouds begin to pour,
We scale the Heights, and all the Vines undress,
Collect the Fruits, and then prepare the Press.

From which the purple Currents drawn below.

Stain all the Ducts, and Vessels as they flow.

And when the Casks are fill'd, and Dregs subside

In Wines, by Fermentation purify'd,

Those Casks with iron Ribs in Caves profound,

Are long confin'd, like Prisons under Ground.

The Wines are thus improv'd by Discipline,

Their Spirits softer made, and Substance fine.

And when the Glas replete salutes the Lip,

Are styl'd, the Cement of good Fellowship.

But that which cheers the Heart, and makes it glad,

Turns, by excess, the Head, and makes it mad.

Happy the Man, who keeps within Degrees

Of Temp'rance, and whom temp'rate Pleasures
please.

Mean is the Taste of all Enjoyments here,

Where Reason does not fit as Arbiter.

But if Authority it exercise,

We may indulge

• a wife.

12

The Vintage past, the hollow Winds complain,
And forc'd through narrow Chinks sad Accents feign.
In the Grey Morn' the *Robins* serenade,
And with melodious Notes wake Nymphs in Bed.
Which Signs foretel, without a Calendar,
That cold, long Nights, and Winters Damps are near.
The Green house we prepare, and thither bring
Exotick Plants that want a Covering.
Their Southern Constitutions, tender are,
Apt to take cold, and must be nurs'd with Care.
But, when retir'd to their Withdrawing-Room,
Are very safe, and seem to be at Home,
Each in its proper Climate ; where their Rows,
Well plac'd, an aromattick Grove compose.
Here at one View assembled we may see
The Mirtles, Citron, and the Orange Tree,
Cloth'd with ripe Fruits, and Buds in infancy }
The *Oleander*, *Indian Jessamine*,
Maryn Swiacum, and sweet *Cyclamen*.

The

The Maſtick Thyme, *Amomum Plinii*,

The Plant that's ſenſible, and very ſhie.

The *Alloe-Tree*, whoſe Leaf is ſtuff'd with Thread,

And has a Needle growing at its Head.

Which ſew'd, as ſome believe, the Leaves together

That *Adam* hid, and *Eve*, from Shame and Weather.

Sedums of various Kinds. *Geranium*,

Gay with ſtrip'd Leaves, and with a Winter Bloom.

Some *Aromatick*, ſome *Balsamick* are;

Some Plants have Figures odd, and ſingular,

A long detail of which wou'd tire the Ear.

And as ſome *Indian* Iſlands Fumes exhale,

Which, with their Odours, ſwell the diſtant Sail.

So this Collection with its compound Sweets,

Impregnates richly all the Air it meets.

Colours diverſify'd delight the Eye,

The reſt is all Perfume and Fragrancy.

Without

Without, when Winter spreads its Horrors round,
Within, we seem to tread enchanted Ground :

From *European* Coast to *Asia* stride,
Or *Africk*, as we walk from Side to Side.

And now the Muse, for Custom makes a Fashion,
Demands, as due, a little Invocation.

For Plants, though pleasing, when prepar'd for Food,
Offend in Verse, unless their Sounds be good.

Affist me therefore Goddess to express
Such Things as these, if harsh, with easiness.

Some Favour on the Kitchen-Ground bestow,
That its Description may not sink too low.

Digested Heaps of Miscellaneous Mold,
Expos'd to Summer's Heat, and Winter's Cold ;
Inrich the native Earth, to make it light,
And all its Fermentations expedite.

What vast Increase on *Elis*-Land was seen,
When forc'd by *Juno*'s Wrath to Labours mean,
Alcides swept th' *Augean* Stables clean ?
With

With Labour exercis'd, and rightly sown,
The Surface smooth appears, like Beds of Down.
Warm Rains descend upon the teeming Earth,
And Rays alternate help the annual Birth.

With bulbous Roots some Plants will downwards
grow,

Conceive within, and hide their Fruits below.

Which Fruits, of Substance more consistent, keep
Through Months when vegetation seems to sleep,
And boil'd with certain Meats, prepar'd in Brine,
By wholsom Juices temper Parts saline.

The Melon's rais'd beneath the concave Glass,
And, forc'd in tepid Beds, Asparagus.

Best of the Thistle kind, the Artichoke,
Supports a Regal Crown upon its Stalk.

The Cabbage Species, various, and involv'd
With complicated Hoods in many a Fold ;

Savoyards, Russian, with curl'd Leaves, or plain,
And some adorn'd with a deep Scarlet Stain,

Flourish

Flourish successively, as one is past,

Others in Season come, to please the Taste.

The tender Branch of Pulse to Props inclines,

And round 'em close with many Ringlets twines :

The Fruits conceal the Crutch on which they lean,

And the dry Spear looks gay with borrow'd Green.

The broad flat Beans, that first deriv'd their Name
From *Windsor's* antient Town, from whence they
(came,

Stand in Defiles ; whose op'ning Buds diffuse

Sweet Odours, most condens'd by Ev'ning Dews.

Had but the Bard, who *Windsor's* Forrest sung,

His tuneful Harp, for *Windsor's* Gardens strung,

How had the Bean, and Soil, wherein it grows,

Sounded in Song, prefer'd to Verse, from Prose.

The *Samian* Sage I honour, nor wou'd pass

Censure unjust, on wise *Pythagoras* :

For hasty Judges oft' mistake his Sense,

Where He enjoyns from Beans an Abstinence.

F

As

As Beans were us'd in Balloting, we guess,
He meant by Beans, the publick Offices.
Those dang'rous Posts, whose Customs ill agree
With Virtue's Rules, or sound Philosophy.
The Sallads most in sandy Soil delight,
For thus they please, and edge the Appetite ;
From distant Climates we their Seeds import,
But far the best are from th' Imperial Court.
Imperial Lettice, here so justly priz'd,
And the *Silesian* now are nat'raliz'd.
Happy the *Austrian* House, which does excel
In Feats of Arms, and Arts of eating well.
The Kitchen Garden once was sacred thought
By blind *Aegyrians*, better fed than taught ;
Who chose their Gods for Worship by their Taste,
As the best Palate was the Casuist :
On Onion Beds they offer'd up their Pray'rs,
And beg'd a Blessing hence on their Affairs.

But

But tho' such impious Rites we may despise,
And *Egypt's* Vegetable Deities :
Yet Guilt contract of like Idolatry,
If we devote our Hearts to Luxury.
In these Plantations some Disorders grow
By an Encrease from Seeds we never sow.
The richest Soil is most to Weeds inclin'd,
And Plants delicious thus are undermin'd.
Strangers, we know not who, or whence they come,
Insult the Native sat their proper Home ;
Encroaching draw their Nourishment away,
And as these thrive and flourish, those decay.
Defensive Weapons human Wit provides
For Self-defence, as human Nature guides.
Nor think it Exercise beneath our Care
T' extend its Paddle, and the Spaces clear,
To crush the Nettle, with its num'rous Breed,
And never suffer Weeds to run to Seed.

For uncorrupt and happy Days were those
When *Roman* Consuls exercis'd their Hoes;
Whose leisure Hours in Country Cares were spent,
And whose Diversions all were Innocent :
Oft' their own Labours furnish'd out the Feast,
And thus their Fruits and Sallads relish'd best.
Here *Romans*, yet unpractic'd in the Way
Of gainful Frauds, and selling Votes for Pay ;
When any Dangers press'd 'em at the Door,
Sought Chiefs to trust with Dictatorial Pow'r ;
And those no sooner had chastis'd their Foes,
Remov'd the Dangers, and return'd the Blows,
Than they resign their Trust, and soon retreat
To hide their Honours in a private Seat ;
Where they in Nature's best Simplicity
Subdu'd themselves ; the greatest Victory !
Thus *Rome* increas'd to universal Sway ;
And *Romans* thus led on could win the Day.

In

In later Times, as Sons degenerate
With Pride and Luxury, debauch'd the State.
As Thirst of Pow'r began an endless Strife
'Twixt haughty Chiefs, that held their Posts for
(Life,
The *Roman* Eagles hung their Wings and di'd,
And Fasces Consular were soon unty'd :
The vassal Kingdoms scorn to wear their Chain,
Return to Battle; and their Right regain.
Thus greatest Empires ever will decline,
As Vice relaxes Rules of Discipline.
By old and new Examples warranted,
In such Digressions, I resume my Thred.

Herbs Physical of divers Qualities
I plant, and in good Order methodize ;
For since our Nature in its Frame contains
The Seeds of Death, and Source of previous Pains.
Since Serpents Venemous beneath the Grass
Lurk, to inject their Poisons as we pass,
'Tis

'Tis fit the Ground some healing Plants should bear,
That where the Danger is, the Cure be near.
Strange Force of Herbs, with studious Search
(explor'd!

Thus *Æsculapian* Arts to Life restor'd;
By th' Application of a strong Cement,
Limbs of *Hippolitus* in Fragments rent.
Medea thus, if Poets tell us true,
By the same Arts did *Æson's* Youth renew.
And *Circe* too could give new Laws to Fate,
Could stop the Moon, or could precipitate.
By potent Charms, and Juice o' th' Stygian Vine,
Could human Shapes transform, and turn to Swine;
And after that, compound another Juice,
Which could those Swine to human Shape reduce.
Such Virtues were to Ages past reveal'd,
But many still behind remain conceal'd;
For Nature's coy, and woo'd at vast Expence
Of Time, and by incessant Diligence.

With

With Strength *Herculean* Herbs in Mortars bruis'd,
And some in Baths by gentle Heat infus'd
Supple the dreadful Wounds receiv'd in Fight,
Do Pain assuage, and distant Parts unite.
Some Cordial Virtues we extract by Fire
In Distillations, as the Parts perspire.
With Heat they rarify, and mount in Fume,
And then condens'd their liquid Form resume,
Running through Tubes: In Crystals long inclos'd
Their burning Particles are more compos'd.
Taken they reach the Heart, and Cares allay,
Or Pestilential Symptoms drive away.
But as when many Clouds ascend on high.
They breed a strange Confusion in the Skie.
So wild Disorders in our Minds are bred,
When cordial Fumes too much invade the Head.
Our Passions rage, like Storms upon the Deep,
And some will Grieve and know not why they Weep.

Cordials

Cordials with Caution take by good Advice,
And not for Pleasure, least their Drams entice.
For such are Poison, if we misapply
The Dose, or take too great a Quantity.
In some malignant Case the Patient lies
Ever awake, with Wildness in his Eyes ;
But Poppy Juice, like the Mercurial Wand,
Suspends his Watchings, and does Rest command.
In short, whatever Malady you name,
That Death portends, or tortures human Frame.
Whether Catarrhs with constant flux of Rheum,
Or hectick Heats, that inwardly consume.
If Dropsy's Waters to th' Abdomen flow,
If Stone the Back, or Gout torments the Toe :
Or if, by chance, the Veins with Poisons swell,
Here grow those Herbs, that all these Grievs repel.
But to secure my Labours thus begun,
And save the Produce from the Scorching Sun,
'Twas

'Twas next my Care. For when the Clouds deny
Their wonted Rains, and Earth is over dry,
Trees loose their Leaves, and Plants their Heads re-
(cline,
Oppress'd with Thirst, they soon with Sickness pine.
Not far there ran the Streams of half this Isle,
An useless Store ; for rais'd with too much Toil,
And much Expence, the Benefit was lost,
Th' Advantage such, as would not quit the Cost.
I search'd for Springs, in hopes some nearer Way
To save my Pains, and yet the Thirst allay.
On a small Eminence, where Flags abound,
And Beds of Rushes shew a watry Ground,
A Source sufficient for such Wants I found. }
I cleans'd its Head to make Discoveries,
And saw tumultuous Sands in Eddies rise,
Toss'd up by hasty Waters forc'd along
Through narrow Ducts, as those behind 'em throng.

For in the Caverns of some distant Hill,
Vapours confin'd, and there condens'd, distil,
'Till Drops united form a little Rill;
Which soon by new Accessions gathers Weight
To move Obstructions, or to penetrate;
Passes through Beds of Sand, but stop'd by Clay,
Directs its Circuit, soon another Way;
'Till loose, and lower Ground allows it vent,
And there lets out a constant Supplement.
The Current, thus deriv'd, I soon deduce
(To make it serve for Ornament and Use)
To the mid' Space; where in an ample Cave
The verdant Banks collected Waters Save.
On the parch'd Earth an Artificial Show'r,
Like to descending Rains, from hence I pour.
All Things revive again, as in the Spring,
And Plants with Heads erect look flourishing.

I store my Waters with the spotted Breed
Of Trouts, which here Delight, and tamely Feed ;
And oft oblige 'em with condemn'd Recruits
Of hurtful Insects, that infest my Fruits.
Snails fed deliciously are here serv'd up,
Such as the *Gallick* Cooks infuse in Soop,
And Princes love: But I not delicate,
Chuse Trouts themselves, before such Princely Meat.
To please the Eye, and Ear, my Currents fall
In certain Measures, something Musical.
Whose Water Notes so far invite Repose
That *Argus* with his Hundred Eyes would doze.
And when perplex'd with intricate Affairs,
I here retire, and soon forget my Cares.
In Tales Romantick, true, or false, 'tis said,
That Springs, by Nymphs, are much inhabited.
In these cold Baths they wash their Bodies clean,
Withal so modest, that they're seldom seen.

When the bold Youth surpris'd *Diana* here,
And saw too much, his Folly cost him dear.
Extended Branches soon his Head adorn,
And thus transform'd, by his own Hounds was torn.
Transparent Waters well reflect the Face,
A Bath to some, to some a Looking-Glass.
Here *Venus* might her golden Curls adjust,
And *Muses* condescend to cool their Thirst.
And O how bright wou'd this Assembly shine
Should *Venus* visit here and meet the Nine,
And Wit and Beauty all their Forces join?
Then most the Virtues of my Streams would try,
To clear their Heads, or Faces beautify.
And may the Sisters influence bestow
On him, who guides, and makes these Waters flow.
When any Country's prais'd, 'tis understood,
That not it's Fruits alone, but Roads be good.

Nor

torn.

Nor Buildings are to much Advantage seen
In Towns, unless the Streets be pav'd, and clean.
In Gardens thus, ill Walks will much disgrace
The Form, and other Beauties of the Place.
But if well kept, are pleasant to the Sight,
And make all other Parts appear Polite.
In barren Ground, whose inward Veins are red,
And Stones minute compacted form their Bed,
Mix'd with but little Lome, we find the Stores
Of Gravel, fit for nicest Garden Floors.
This Substance Cylinders immense must press,
And Parts unite to perfect Evenness.
Softened with Show'rs, then harden'd by the Sun,
The Surface seems cemented into Stone.
On Rock we tread. The Sides with narrow Hemm
Of verdant Turf, like Velvet Lace, we trim.
This Verdure takes the Eye, and helps the Sight,
As Walls, and Walks, too much reflect the Light.

The

The Turf collected from the barren Waste,
 Cropt often, often Trod, is always best.
 Its Spires are finer, and when even beat,
 Its Softness well agrees with tender Feet.
 On this the Bowls discharg'd with Byas roll,
 And mark the Carpet to the distant Goal.
 Here we fall easy, or, when weary, lean,
 And here the Wantons give the Gown of Green.
 In Ringlets here the Fairies dance by Night,
 And end their Gambols at the Morning Light.
Versailles of Statues, and *Jet Eau's* may boast,
 Where wealthy Monarchs never spare for Cost;
 But we all other Countries far surpass,
 In shining Gravel, and the Carpet Grass.
 Not the *Mosaick* Pavements closer join,
 Than polish'd Stones in *British* Walks combine;
 More than our Turf, nor do our Velvets shine.

But

But as the Marble Floors that are within,
Offend the Eye, unless exactly clean.
So Walks without ; if not by Labour kept
As clean, Mow'd often, often Roll'd, and Swept.
For as some Insects openly infest
The Fruits before our Eyes, and chuse the Best.
So Vermin bred in Earth with dark Designs
Move from below, and often Spring their Mines.
On Grass and Gravel Walks by Night intrude,
Defiling both, unless they're close persu'd.
Set Traps beneath the Earth, to catch the Mole,
And let the Lapwings on the Walks parole.
These feed on Worms, but Fruits will never eat ;
And thus the Walks preserv'd are smooth, and neat.
Such rural Scenes of innocent Delight,
Some Useful Friends, as well as Foes, invite.
And as when Northern Kingdoms, overcharg'd
With their own Numbers, want to be enlarg'd.

Or

Or not content with a cold Climate range
To gain some better Quarters in exchange.
So Bees, whose former Limits can't suffice,
For Stocks increas'ing, pour forth Colonies.
Or else, of Old Possessions weary grown,
Travel to better Pastures than their own.
One of their Swarms in Air suspended high,
To steer their Course the better by the Eye,
And warn'd by Scouts abroad, stop short above,
Near my Demesnes, Consult, and then Approve.
At last Resolve with Leave to pitch their Tents
Within my Bounds, and make their Settlements.
The Trees were all in Bloom, and Flow'rs conspire
On their warm Beds to shew their Rich Attire.
I made some proper Signals, known to Bees,
To bid their Squadrons welcome to my Trees.
Then at the sounding Brass they all descend,
And hang in Clusters at a Branche's End.

Where

Where in close Order they with Patience wait,
'Till I their Numbers could accommodate.
With fragrant Herbs I rub'd the Hive within,
That their new Lodgings might be sweet and clean.
There introduc'd to Stations I translate,
Nor Hot, nor Cold, but duly temperate.
And there, like good Allies, they live content,
Indulg'd in Forms of their own Government.
From Tree to Tree, from Flow'r to Flow'r they fly,
Condensing Sweets by Nature's Chymistry.
Sometimes compound the Wax of fragrant Smell }
To make partition Walls to ev'ry Cell ; }
In some they empt their Bags, in some they dwell. }
In the Hive's Center with Magnificence
They build some grand Appartments for their Prince;
Where he gives Laws, and whence his Orders come,
When they must go Abroad, or work at Home.

By Rules of Justice he secures his Throne,
Rewards the Diligent, condemns the Drone.
Gives his Consent to Laws coercive made,
For Frauds committed in the Honey Trade.
And if, by Chance, some Foes invade his Right,
He calls his flying Squadrons out to fight.
They whet their Stings, and readily engage,
Doing sad Execution in their Rage.
Then at Command they quietly retire,
Employ'd agen as peaceful Arts require.
These honest Tenants yearly pay the Tax
Impos'd upon their Honey and their Wax.
Live by good Rules, are inoffensive Neighbours,
Getting their Livings fairly by their Labours.
Their Manufactures yield both Food and Wine.
Enrich us Mortals, and at Altars shine.
The Shepherd, *Aristeus*, fond of Bees,
Form'd all his Maxims by their Policies.

Taught

Taught his *Arcadian* Subjects how to thrive
By Observations taken from the Hive,
And were, proud Men, by Rules of Nature taught
More, than by sad Experience dearly bought.
More than by Politicks too finely spun,
Which they themselves have often split upon,
How many real Dangers might they shun?
The most successful Rule of Policy,
Is one plain, steady Course of Honesty.
Cou'd we, like Bees, within ourselves agree,
With due Regard to others Property.
Always industrious in an honest Way,
True to the Rulers, that have Right to Sway,
Wou'd we discourage ev'ry publick Cheat,
And never spare a Knave for being Great.
Our common Stock wou'd free from Debts abound,
And *Britain* never want a Sinking Fund.

This mutual Confidence, and Harmony,
Establish'd long between the Bees, and me,
Draw other Guests; who beg with suppliant Wings
To be admitted Tenants to my Springs.
Doves often tir'd with Labours in the Air,
By drawing to and fro' the *Cyprian* Carr,
When out of waiting, hither wou'd retreat
For Rest, to quench their Thirst, and cool their Heat.
And as a Recompence for Rest enjoy'd,
At my Discretion ask to be employ'd.
I lik'd the Motion, presently assign'd
Convenient Lodgings, suited to their Mind.
And here they dwell without Offence, or Strife,
The proper Emblems of the Nuptial Life,
When mutual Love unites the Man and Wife.
And as in Pleasures equally they share,
So both take Part in each domestick Care.

And

And when the Female undertakes the Nest,
The busy Male attends, and does his best.
He brings *Materials* to the Door, which she
Aptly disposes as the Parts agree.
Both sit by turns, as one withdraws to eat,
The other takes the Place, to warm the Seat.
When either Dies (for that which humbles Kings,
Can overtake the Swift, and clip their Wings)
Like a fond Consort, the surviving Dove,
Incessant grieves, averse to second Love.
We read how *Mercury* oft' went Express
To carry up and down *Jove's* Messages.
This nimble Youth with utmost Swiftneſs fled,
Wings on his Heels, and Wings about his Head.
My Carrier Birds with the like Swiftneſs move,
And are the ſame to me, as He to *Jove*.
They wait my Nod, and at Command they fly,
And know the Roads as well through all the Sky.

And

And when Dispatches want the greatest Haste,
About their Necks I tie my Papers fast ;
Like Winds they go, and in as short a Space,
Convey these Packets to the destin'd Place.
With the same Ease from Friends are Answers sent,
Whether of Business, or of Compliment.
And when the Congress meets, I hope to know,
Before the foreign Posts, how Matters go.
For these Expresses very seldom fail,
The Roads are such, that none can rob the Mail.

And having now describ'd in some Degree,
Perhaps with too great Partiality,
A rural Settlement, that pleases me ;
To make some Recompence, if I offend,
Wou'd tack this useful Moral to the End.

And as my Glebe was wild, when I began,
'Till Art and Labour perfected the Plan.

'Till

'Till all offensive Trash was hence remov'd,
And all the sterile Substance was improv'd.

'Till Trees and Plants were in good Order rang'd,
The Walks well laid, and the whole Form was
(chang'd.

ent, So Human Nature much degenerate
Makes a rude Figure, 'till we Cultivate.

'Till wholesome Discipline corrects its Taste,
Roots up ill Habits, and reforms the Waste ;
Sows virtuous Seeds in the fresh Soil of Youth,
And there implants the Elements of Truth.

'Till Rules for Order make a proper Fence
To save the Sound from a bad Influence ;
That hopeful Shoots to Virtue long inur'd,
May be confirm'd by Time, and thus secur'd.
But as in Tillage Means are thrown away,
Unless th' approaching Sun shall Beams display ;
Unless a daily Warmth it shall repeat,
And Rains descending fitly temper Heat.

So

So with the Human Soul, a Ray Divine,
Must shed its Influence on Discipline :
For 'till this Principle shall give Increase,
The best Instructions end in Barrenness.
Good Methods may prepare the Seed below ;
But something from Above must make it grow.
'Till this Illuminates, and Shines upon
The Soul, it is like Soil without the Sun.
But warm'd with this, 'tis like that fertile Earth
Which Rays impregnate for a double Birth.
And Nature civiliz'd will soon produce
Some Acts for Ornament, and some for Use.
And as in Spring the Buds swell out and blow,
And as in Autumn Fruits will bend the Bough.
As Aromatick Trees with spicy Rind
Breathe round, and with their Sweets enrich the
Wind.
As Flow'rs in Nature's best Vermilion dy'd,
The polish'd Walks inclose on either Side ;

So

So Minds with proper Cultivation dress,
And by the Warmth of Heav'nly influx blest,
Flourish in useful Arts and Sciences,
In both our Academick Nurseries.

From whence to distant Parts are sent Recruits,
Of Plants improv'd to spread their wholesom Fruits.

Some skill'd in Truths reveal'd by perfect Light
Declare those Truths, and help the Blind to Sight.

Some skill'd in Natures secret Mysteries,
Are sent t' exert their healing Faculties.

Some Heads inclin'd to Flow'rs of Eloquence
Adorn the Truth with much Circumference.

These to the Senate-House, or to the Bar,
Are sent from hence to wage the verbal War.

Some shake the Tree of Knowledge in Dispute,
Frauds to detect and Fallacies refute.

Our shapeless Thoughts will into Order fall
By *Postulata Geometrical*.

And Minds, thus methodiz'd, we may compare
To Ground, where Figures all are regular.
Some Sciences the Passions purify
As Moral and Divine Philosophy.
Yielding good Works, the Fruits that most delight
The Taste, and most are pleasing to the Sight.
O, may my Garden-Plot of Life be free,
From tasteless Fruits, or from the fruitless Tree!
Never be over-run, like Sluggard's Field,
With Weeds, and noxious Trash that nothing yield.
Then, as good Air, and Exercise conduce
T' impel the Blood, and mend the vital Juice,
Shall Thoughts reflex on noble Objects, gain
A fix'd, and healthy Crasis in the Brain,
'Till Habits good Athletick Strength acquire,
Still Active, least they rust, while I retire.

The Heathens thought Devotions better paid
To Gods in Groves, beneath some rev'rend Shade.

Gardens

The Art of Gardening.

59

Gardens adorn'd like ours but had they seen,
Here they had worship'd, these their Temples been.
Here Nature, most embellish'd shews the Force
Of him who made her first, and guides her Course.
What's Nature call'd is but the Maker's Art,
Which gave the Finishings to ev'ry Part :
And gives to human Industry the Keys
T' unlock her Cabinet of Rarities.
Those that were Innocent before too Wise,
Were Gard'ners made, and plac'd in Paradise,
Oh may I count what Disobedience cost !
And Innocence regain where once 'twas lost.

F I N I S.



